

MARVEL
19th Aug 89

THE REAL

GH^OSTBUSTERS™

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Everybody's gone surfing... surfing U.S.A! Yeah, guys and gals, it's surfin' time in the **Ghostbusters**' comic. It's issue sixty-two, and it's time to get funky. The four boys and Slimer leave Janine at HQ to hold the fort whilst they head beachward to build sandcastles. In the first of three coastal capers, they help out some surfers who are having trouble with a surf-zombie in **Wipe-out!** In the text story, **Bad Vibrations!** a phantom surfer is wreaking havoc on an idyllic stretch of sand, and frightening off the sun-worshippers. Thirdly, Peter finds out what it's like to have sand kicked in his face when a beach bully terrorises Ray, Peter and Slimer in **Beach Boy Bust!** but this guy must have had his head in the sand if he thinks he's got **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** beat!

CONTENTS

Wipe-out!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Bad Vibrations!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Gremlins	13
Dead True!	14
Beach Boy Bust!	15
Ghost Writing	21
Blimey! It's Slimer!/Slime Time!	22
Next Issue/Mighty Marvel Checklist	24

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

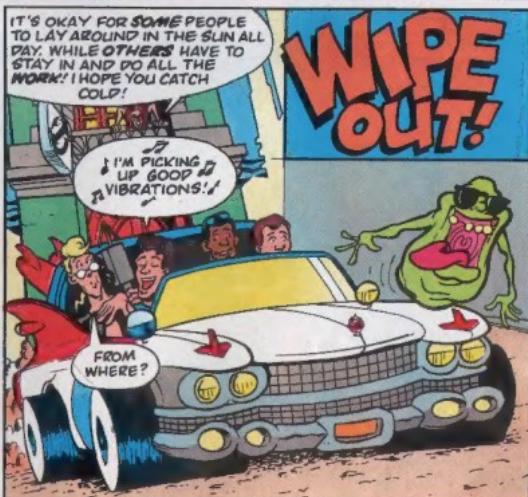


JANINE MELNITZ

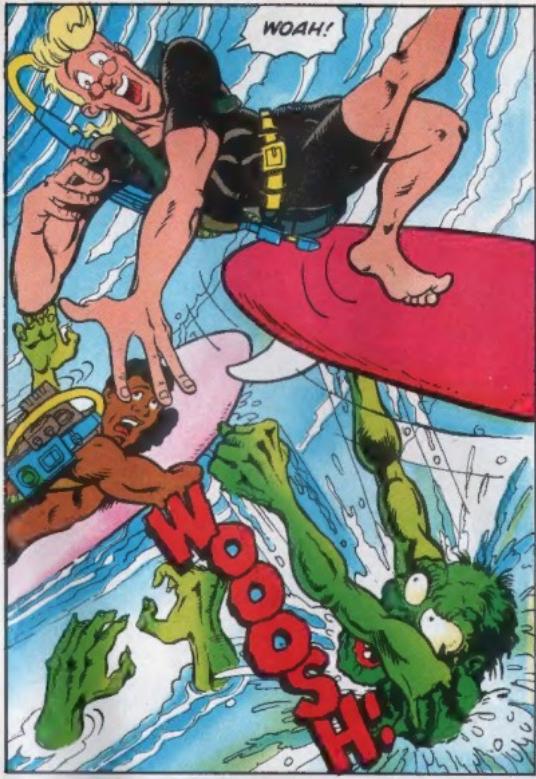


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

Is this page a bit sticky? Sorry if it is. It isn't ectoplasm for a change, it's sun-tan lotion. Gee, we seem to have been out on the beach for weeks! It's rather nice to get back into the refreshing cool of my lab to pen this chapter of the Guide. Indeed it's most relaxing to be here in the quiet; interrupted only by the complaints from Ray downstairs about his sunburnt nose. I said it was a mistake to lie down for a snooze in the sun after a pizza as big as that. Anyway, on with the business at hand:

BEACHES

It had to be really, didn't it? The sea shore is a place of much occult resonance. It is after all the place where the sea meets the land and, perhaps symbolically, it also seems to be a popular place for the Supercosmos to meet our own world. The Ecto-void appears to lap gently at the shores of reality with particular frequency at any seashore location. Here are some quay examples (sorry about the pun):

WALK ALONG THE PROM PROM PROM ...

Late one balmy evening in 1972, Donald Relf, a radish plucker from Cincinnati, took a stroll along the beach at Monterey and came back to his hotel saying what a nice promenade he'd had along the



PART 62

pier. "Swipe me!" exclaimed the locals (or whatever it is they exclaim in Monterey), "there hasn't been a pier here for twelve years". Yet Relf maintained he'd walked some twenty yards along a promenade pier. You've been dreaming, exclaimed the locals then, pointing out that his deck shoes were wet. Maybe, said Relf, but how do you explain this thirty cent cornet and flake? How indeed? Even I'm baffled about this one.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

In 1983, Billie Vitornott was on a fishing holiday on the shores of Chesapeake Bay when he encountered a spectral fisherman, floating three feet above the water in thin air, casting out his sea rod. Too frightened to think of anything else,

Vitornott said 'Caught anything today?' The spectre turned to face him, displaying a twisted, malevolent face filled with sharp pointy teeth and answered 'You're the fifth!' Vitornott ran for his life, believing, as most experts now agree, that there's nothing worse than a ghost with a sense of humour.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Until 1986, Helmut Stroke was a Coastguard at Nassau, Bahamas, and enjoyed nothing more than a stroll down the beach at dusk, kicking over all the sandcastles that had been built during the day. It was with much perturbation that he would jog along the palm-fringed beaches again early each morning and see the sandcastles re-built before anyone had reached the shore again for the morning sun. Eventually he sat down one night, built a massive sandcastle of his own, then carefully kicked it down as the sun set. In the morning it was built back up again, and by it, spelt out in seashells, was the following message: 'DEAR MR STROKE, PLEASE DO NOT KICK DOWN ANY MORE SANDCASTLES. YOURS, THE GHOSTS FROM THE SEA WITH BIG, SHARP, POINTY TEETH'. Not much of a hint, you'll agree, but Helmut Stroke took it anyway.

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TOYS



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HOW TO ENTER

This is the third issue of **Ghostbusters Comic** with the last of the questions in it. Answer them and then fill in the entry form which will be in next week's issue.

5) What is the Real Ghostbusters back pack called?

6) What is the name of the Real Ghostbusters' secretary?

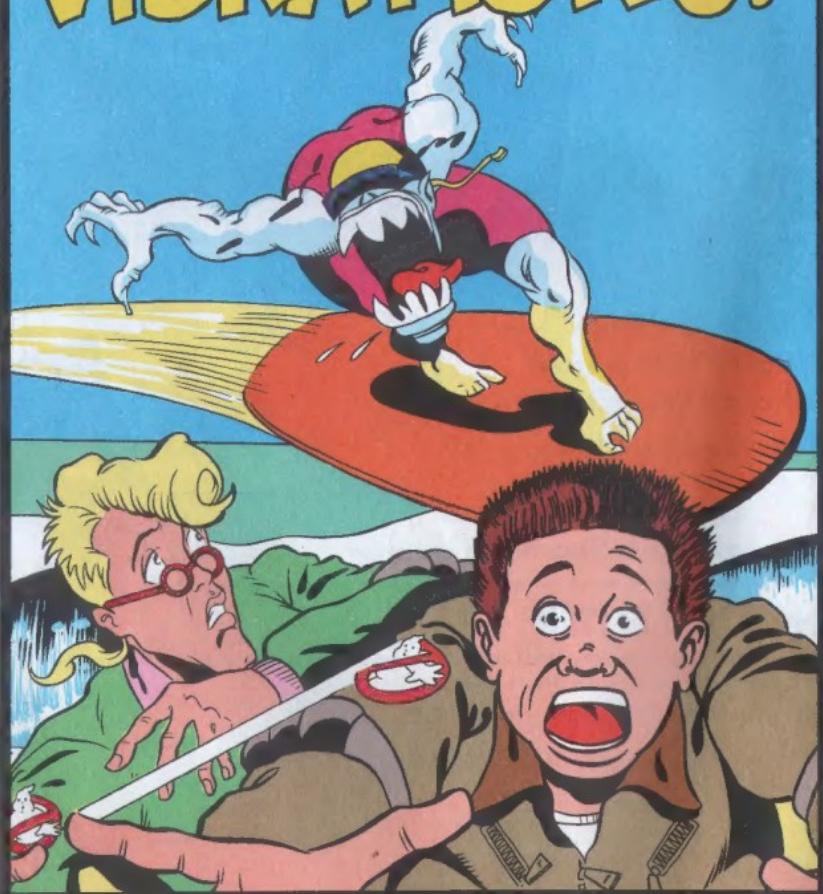
- a) Sally Jones
- b) Julie Peterson
- c) Janine Melnitz

Entry form next week.

FULL GHOSTBUSTERS RANGE AVAILABLE AT ZODIAC TOYS

Abingdon Aylesbury Bury St Edmunds Chelmsford Cheltenham Cheshunt Chichester Colchester Coventry Croydon Derby Doncaster Elstam Enfield Finchley Gravesham Halifax Harlow Hatfield Hitchin Hounslow Ilford Kettering Kidderminster Kings Lynn Kingston Upon Thames Leeds Leicester Letchworth Liverpool Loughborough Luton Manchester Mansfield New Addington Nottingham Peckham Peterborough Portsmouth Preston Redditch Rochdale Romford Rugby Rushmore Salford Salisbury Scunthorpe Slough Southend Stevenage Stockport Stourbridge Streatham Swindon Tamworth Telford Uxbridge Warrington Wembley West Bromwich Woking Wolverhampton Wokingham Wrexham

BAD VIBRATIONS!



Story DAN ABNETT Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

The sun was going down over the boardwalk beach front. The big chrome Mustangs and T-birds were purring down to the ice-cream parlour, the hush of the surf was mingling with the tune of 'California Girl' rising from the juke box, and when Peter saw her he lost his heart almost at once. She was blonde and tanned and cute and what was even better she was stepping purposefully up to where he sat on the bónnet of Ecto-1 trying to do his very best to impersonate Jason Donovan-looking-out-to-sea-being-cool.

"Hi," said the Californian Girl, pushing up her shades, "Are you the Ghostbuster?"

"Sure," replied Peter, trying to make his voice sound tanned and wind-swept. "They call me . . . Peter."

The girl clearly had no wish to find out who 'they' were. "I may have a job for you." She continued. "There's this beach up the coast a mile or so, called Amity Bay. It's a great place, where all the young people like to hang out. But they've all stopped going there in the last few months . . . because it's haunted!"

"Don't worry . . ." said Peter, in a voice that would have taken three weeks to defrost it was so cool. "The Real Ghostbusters will handle it!"

"Handle what exactly?" asked Winston as they climbed out of the car at Amity Bay and looked around. The beach was long, golden and empty. A lone white beach hut stood crumbling at one end. Winston shrugged. "There's nothing here."

"There certainly doesn't seem to be any PKE activity," said Ray as he and Egon checked the sea breeze with a 'sniffer'. Peter turned to the girl. "Well?" he asked.

"Wait," she said. "The ghost of the phantom surfer always appears a short while after anybody comes down to the bay."

They waited. Then they waited a bit more. Then they all wandered down to the breakers edge and Peter skimmed stones off the incoming waves. They did a bit more waiting.

"This is a waste of time," Ray said finally.

"That's the truth," said Winston.

"This is getting us nowhere," said Egon.

"That's a phantom surfer," said Peter and they all looked to where he pointed. Out on the water, where the big breakers began their roll inland, a fog was boiling out of the surf, a fog that flickered and began to take a form. It was a figure, a gaunt human form standing straight and unwavering on a long surf-board. The figure was completely dark except for a dull glow that shone from its eyes. Bending slightly into the waves, the phantom surfer began to glide inshore towards them. The sea wind picked up.

"I'm getting a PKE reading!" shouted Egon over the noise of the rising gale.

"Get your packs charged up ready!"

"It's coming in awful fast!" yelled Winston, and it was. Strange lights flickered around the phantom surfer, and they could hear its awful cackling laugh that echoed around the beach. With a burst of ectoplasmic force, the surfer shot clear of the water and came dashing towards them over the sand, the bizarre lights flashing brighter and brighter. "Blast it!" cried Winston. "I'm trying!" cried Ray, but as he raised the Proton Gun, the surfer came rocketing straight at him and he threw himself flat into the wet sand in order to duck. The surfer swept round in the air cackling.

"Laugh this off, surf boy!" snapped Peter and let rip with his own Proton Gun . . .

to no effect. The surfer didn't seem to notice the blast and carried on swooping around the huddled group. "Most unusual . . ." muttered Egon.

The surfer came in again, and Winston hurled himself out of the way, knocking into Ray as the latter struggled to his feet, and both of them went sprawling into the breakers. "Peter! Egon!" bubbled Winston. "Zap this bozo, now!"

"I'm trying, I'm trying!" replied Peter over the crackle of his gun.

"Maybe a two beam cross can trap it. Egon! Let's . . . Egon?" But Egon was marching off, oblivious, in the direction of the beach hut . . .

"Multi-directional holographic projector . . . acoustic amplifiers . . ." said Egon, as he showed the Coastguard officers and the other three busters around the hut. "The culprits load up a simple special effects tape into this unit and the machinery does the rest, projecting an image of a 'Phantom' surfer all across the beach."

"These creeps sure wanted to redevelop Amity Beach real bad," noted the Coastguard chief, nodding to the two gruff, hand-cuffed thugs his men were leading away. "So bad, they'd actually scared people off the sand in an effort to make the place look unpopular. What beats me, though, is how you guessed?" "Well, it's going to sound pretty strange," Egon began.

"It usually does . . ." put in Peter. Egon went on, "... but it's as if I suddenly knew . . . as if the beach itself, the spirit of the beach if you like, missed the company of the holiday makers who had fun here and wanted to rid itself of the trouble makers and be happy again . . ."

Peter snorted. "Oh yeah! Now the beach is talking to you?"

"I said it would sound strange . . ." admitted Egon.

"And remember, Peter," said Ray. "We did get a little PKE reading at one point. What was that, then? The spirit of the beach trying to get the message through to us?"

"Well, I'm sorry, but I think not!" said Peter. "Sometimes there's a rational explanation for things and this spook was a fake, good and proper. There was no 'spirit of the beach' trying to get us to come and help it out and stop it being lonely and bring back its friends and all that nonsense. Don't you think so, baby?" he added turning to the girl. But of the girl, of course, there was no sign.



GREMLINS

These mischievous little monsters were real Grade A Gremlins. You have probably heard of the term 'oh no, there's a gremlin in the machinery'. Well, the very same phrase could be applied to these demonic disrupters, for the art of being a gremlin and also being a nuisance in someone's machinery was something they were very good at. In fact, you could say that it came naturally to them. Just why gremlins feel the compulsion to cause mishaps and trouble in mechanical things is something of a mystery to mere mortals, but the fact that they do is clear and that they do it with annoying regularity, too! But, for obvious reasons, these three gremlins attacked the Ghostbusters' HQ. Janine's phone, typewriter and photocopier being ideal targets. Their failed attempts led them to merge into one very big gremlin which Janine filed away for good, with no trouble at all!



DEAD TRUE!



occult and supernatural happenings have been associated throughout the ages with the world's seas and oceans. The darksome waters hold unknown horrors, impenetrable and a little bit grisly (if you let your imagination run riot!). Particularly when the happening reoccurs *again and again*.

One such tale of repeating phenomena springs to mind. This chilling and mind-racking incident was experienced by someone who we shall call Don Craig.

One summer in Florida, U.S.A., Craig spotted a grounded buoy on a deserted crescent of beach. He lay in the shadow of the buoy to rest, but he could hardly prepare himself for the terror which was to about to unfold. This is what happened . . .

Long before he fell asleep, Craig found him-

self in front of the door of a house, ringing a bell with the name Norwood Strand on it. A woman greeted him saying, "I'm glad you're here. He's dead. Come and see for yourself!" Craig had an uncanny sensation that he had experienced this before! He was led to a room where a man layon a bed. The woman withdrew from the room crying, "I've got you. He's been poisoned, and you're going to get blamed, because I planted some of it in your pocket of the jacket you left in the cupboard. The Police will believe me, they know me!"

Bemused and scared, Craig's only urge was to get out. He jumped out the window and found a hefty man pursuing him. He ran desperately towards the beach. Wouldn't you! Luckily, he found the buoy and hid within it. Ecstatic that he was safe, he didn't realise, until too late, that he

had shut himself in an air-tight cell, doomed to be suffocated to death! Then he passed out.

Craig was awoken by the sun mercilessly beating down upon him. Leaning, now, on the sunny side of the buoy, his tanned arm looked lobster red. Craig thought that the sun's shifting rays had caused this and had also induced his horrible dream.

Later on that day, however, he told a friend about it and learned a few years earlier that a tourist, Dudley Tower had been having an affair with a Mrs Strand. He found that he had been set-up by her and had hidden in a buoy and was saved by a workman just before he suffocated. It seems a latent trace of his horrific experience had remained to haunt the buoy. Deja-vu? (I think I already said that!)



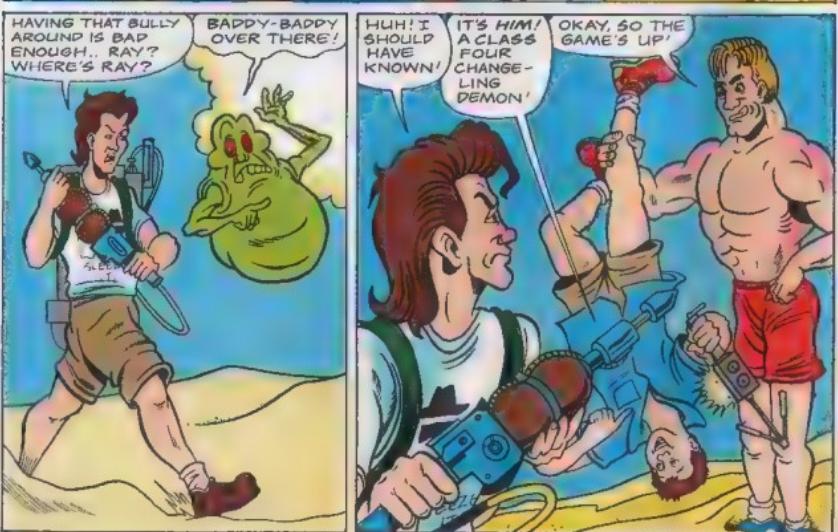
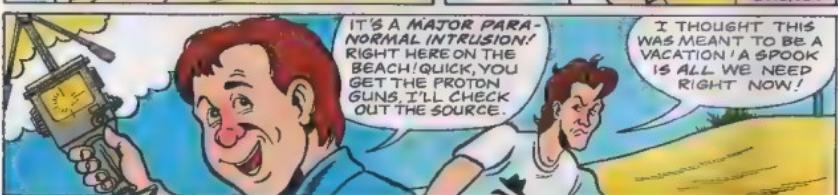
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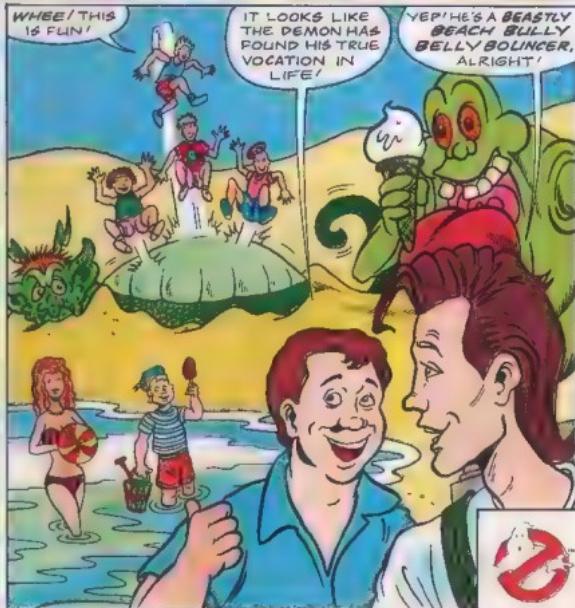
BEACH BOY BUST!



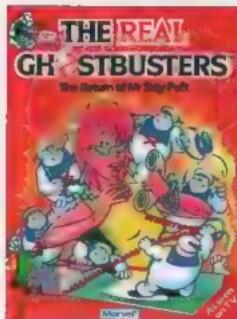








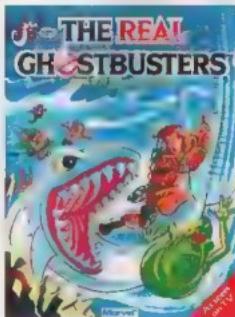
YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM... YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC... NOW READ THE BOOKS!



What would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



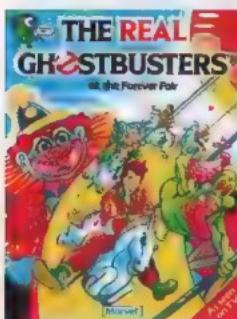
If you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived



into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.

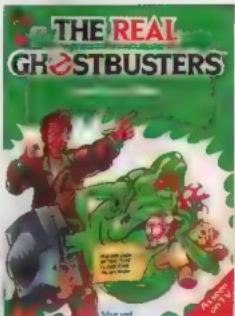


Don't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



When the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



Marvel

Available through WH Smith and other good bookshops and newsagents.

HOST WRITING!



Howdy, fellow fans of the ghostly and ghoulish. I don't know where I'd be without your letters, so keep those questions coming. Well, actually, I'd probably be in the bath, but there you go...

Dear Peter . . .

Why do ghosts come into our dimension?

— James Edwards, Wallasey

Well, James, that's a good question. Of course, as with other areas of the supernatural, there are many theories on what ghosts actually are and why we see them. Some even say that ghosts are figments of peoples' fevered imaginations. They wouldn't say that if they had to run away from the kind of things that we do! Anyway, it seems likely that ghosts come into our dimension because this is the dimension which most of the ghosts came from in the first place, when they were mortal. Phew!

To Slimer, (sheesh, another one!)

I like you and the Ghostbusters very much, but can you please stop kissing Janine and putting your slime all over Peter Venkman. I would like to be in one of your stories because my mum says that I look like a ghost in the mornings!

— Ashley Mallindine, Tilbury

Sorry, but Slimer zoomed off somewhere before I could get any sense out of him, so I'll have to answer it myself. All he said was that he looks like a ghost in the mornings, too! I despair sometimes. Anyway, maybe you could send us a snap of you looking like a ghost in the morning and we'll see what we can do!

Please could you answer my questions:

1. How did you get your job?
2. Is the Marshmallow Man hard to bust?
3. Please can you tell me where your base is?

— Tim Thwaites, St. Leonards-on-Sea

1. I didn't really 'get' my job as such. When we were, how can I put it, asked to leave Weaver Hall University, we needed new jobs, so Egon, Ray and I formed the Real Ghostbusters. Pretty enterprising, huh? 2. Is the Marshmallow Man hard to bust? Are you kidding? Does Slimer glob me more than anyone else? Does Egon prefer the company of mushrooms to that of human beings? I'll say! 3. Our base is in New York on 77th and 5th.

Please can you tell me what it is like to live with Slimer around you all the time. Also, is Janine silly or just stupid?

— Craig Evans, Bristol

Well, I hardly know whether to answer this, seeing as you just insulted our favourite secretary and all round fab receptionist, but I will anyway, 'cos that's the kind of guy I am. Anyway, living with Slimer is pretty interesting, it can be time-consuming, annoying, messy and sometimes fun as well. I mean, there aren't many people who can say that they live with a ghost voluntarily (well, sort of!).

1. What kind of pizza do The Ghostbusters like best?
2. If ECTO-1 had to go to the junk yard, which kind of car would the Ghostbusters pick for a new one?
3. Do you ever have time to watch Ghostbusters videos?

— Anthony Lee Machin, Leek

Thanks for your questions, man. 1. As you may, or may not, know, this question cropped up in our competition back in Issue 43. No, we don't like macaroni cheese pizza or bacon and egg pizza! Our very favourite is the West Pier pizza, especially with yummy extra chopped apple and chilli peppers. Mmmmm! 2. It would have to be a tough vehicle and fast, too. So if ECTO-1 ever went to the great junk yard in the sky, maybe we'd replace it with a supercharged Land Rover. 3. Of course! I always say, 'honesty is a pretty good policy'.

SLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME** Marvel Comics Ltd 13/15 Arundel Street London WC2



What do ghosts wear on their feet?

Boooooooooots!

— Kenneth Hague, Rotherham

Why do vampires drink blood?
Because ginger beer makes them burp!

— Sangar Manokkan, London

What disease does Dracula fear most?

Tooth decay!

— Martin Kent, London

Why did the young ghost push his father into the deep freeze?

Because he wanted some iced pop!

— Robin Kelsle, Gringley-on-the-Hill

Who sits at the bottom of the sea and makes offers you can't refuse?

The Codfather!

— Vincenzo Castronovo, Waltham Cross

THE WAR CONTINUES...



EVERY WEEK IN...



TRANSFORMERS

TM

INTRODUCING ECTO-2!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 231 This week we present Part Three of *Resurrection* by Furman and Anderson, which opens with a funeral – but whose? Then there's Part Two of *The Big Shutdown*, by Furman and Sullivan!

DEATH'S HEAD 10 Do you want to see the fight of the 21st century? Yes? Then read *Cast Iron Contract*, by Furman and Hitch. This explosive story sees our mechanical hero pitted against that other famous metal super-hero, Iron Man. Should be quite a battle!

PUNISHER 3 Lead fills the air as the third fantastic issue of the latest Marvel weekly blasts its way onto the stands! In New York, the gang war the Punisher started is getting out of hand. More innocents are dying, and he decides the fighting must stop! Will he

succeed? There's also the blistering finale of *Robocop*, and an awesome poster to adorn your walls!

DOCTOR WHO 152 This month's bumper issue is packed with interviews, previews, plus a feature on the stunt work of the early Doctor Who years. There's also Part Two of the strip story, *Nemesis of the Daleks*, by Tomlinson and Sullivan. **PLUS** Fabulous competition! Your chance to win one of 10 Doctor Who binders and 15 patches!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 62 Yep, it's surfing time for the Ghostbusters. There are three sensational surfing stories to terrify you this week. *Wipe-Out* by Bernstein and Larcombe starts the ball rolling, then *Beach Boy Bust* by Carnell, Williamson and Abadzis, and as if that wasn't enough, there's also *Bad Vibrations*, a text story by Abnett and Marshall.

ON SALE NOW!